FEMININE FANCIES

(COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Jess—Riches, you know, have wings

Bess—Tom's had. He lost all his money in a flying machine scheme.

WOMANLY.

Stella—I hate you! You forget that Jack once proposed to you!

Bella—But I rejected him.

Stella—Yes, that's just it; and I married him.

FANCIES OF THE FAIR

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.

THE STRENUOUS VACATION.

Mrs. Gadsby—How's the dear rector's health, dear?

Mrs. Cassock—Splendid. The doctor says he's strong enough to go to the country for a rest.

DEFINED.

Gladys—What's the difference between a dress and a gown, dear?

Myrtle—About $65.

FRANK HANKINSON 1905

APPROPRIATE.

Stella—I understand Jack comes from a very musical family!

Bella—Yes, so much so that they use tuning forks at the dinner table.

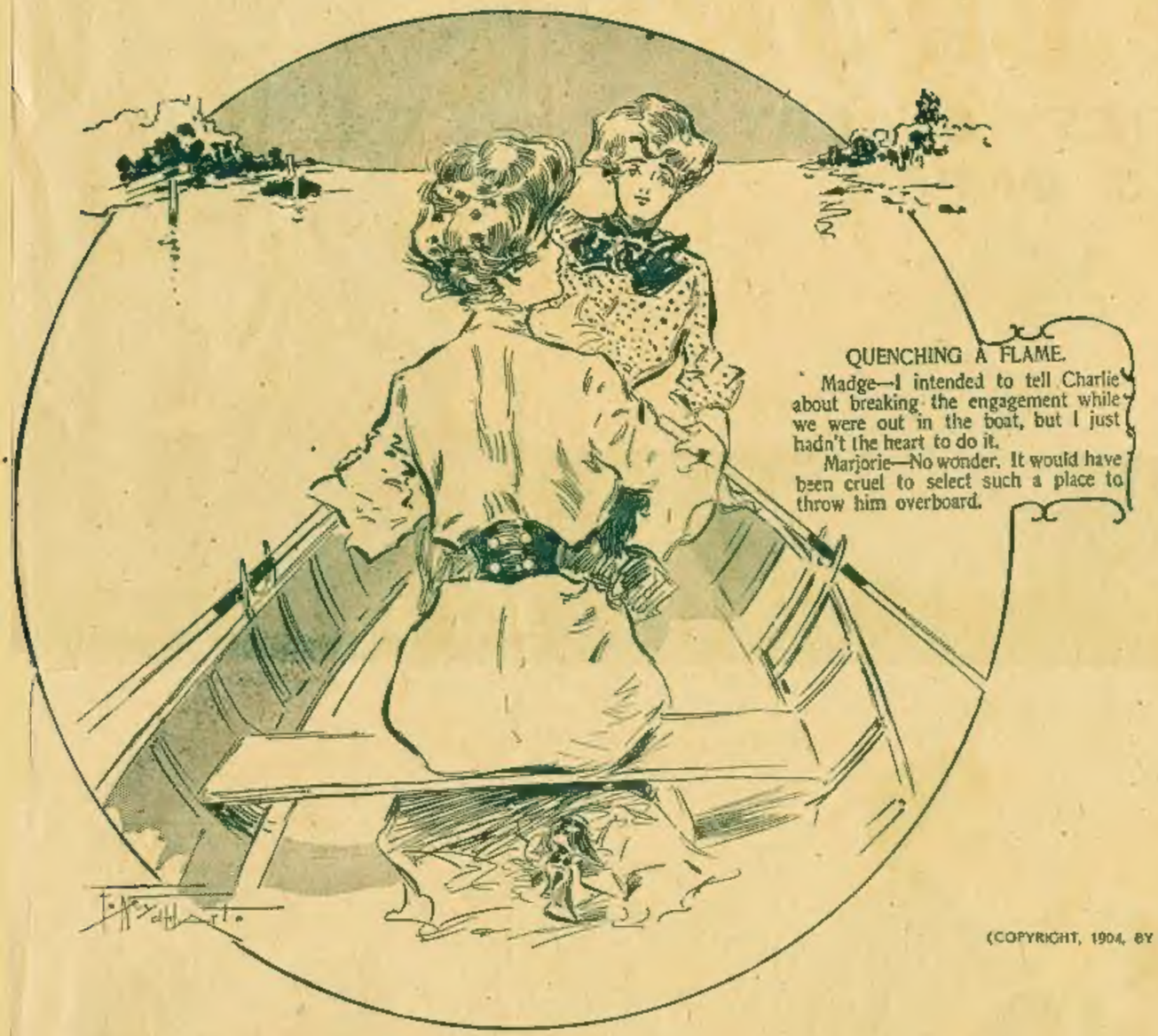
PASTURES NEW.

Madge—I never see that young man who used to be around here every evening. Did you jilt him?

Myrtle—No, dear; I married him.

(COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

Fancies of the Fair



QUENCHING A FLAME.

Madge—I intended to tell Charlie about breaking the engagement while we were out in the boat, but I just hadn't the heart to do it.

Marjorie—No wonder. It would have been cruel to select such a place to throw him overboard.

A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

Maude—I was foolish to give up that rich old fellow.

Dolly—Why?

Maude—Because that is what the doctors have just done.

(COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

(COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

Mary—And did you have a late supper, dear?

Jane—Yes; so late that we called it breakfast.

LIFE IN A GREAT HOTEL.

Grace—I couldn't find the mushrooms in that omelet this morning.

Ethel—You will find them on your bill, dear.

THOSE HERALD SQUARE GIRLS.

ETHEL—"Tramps are becoming so troublesome that we may soon have to wear pistols in our summer belts."

GLADYS—"Well, I can't say that I am partial to belts; and, besides, I'd never wear weapons at my waist."

KATE—"That may be so; but judging from what I saw one moonlit evening last year I should judge you are usually well armed."

(Copyright, 1902, by the New York Herald Co.)

AT THE WRECK.

RESCUER (as man with wooden leg emerges)—"Begorry, now, how under Hivin did yez get it so quick?"